

**THE REFUGEES ... A STORY ABOUT CHANGE**  
*motivational essays*

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**motivational essays**

**Adrian Gabriel Dumitru**

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***To all my  
ukrainian friends***

## **INTRODUCTION**

**If there is something i love the most in this life .... I believe it is ... socializing with the people i meet on the timeline of my life.**

And i smile .... seeing what might even look as a total nonsense ....cause i met such a large spectrum of totally different souls.

Quite soon after the war from Ukraine started .... me and my family hosted people coming from there to my country.

I had the chance to meet in this way ... lots of lost souls .... going to an unclear direction ... having no idea about what will happen tomorrow.

They were on the path of a forced change .... and it was no chance as things to become better quite soon.

... or at least not in the near future.

Being retired .... not having what to do anyway ... spent all my time in their company.

I just loved their presence.

Some ... connected with me from the first second .... but i also met some that found too weird that i was helping them and did not wanted to be so friendly from the beginning.

In the end .... I became the friend of all of them.

It was probably the first time in my life when i was investing

all my time and energy trying to help the others .... and forget about my own interests.

And that was something ... new for me.

It looked like ... i was following a new path for my life ... and i liked it.

One of the ladies .... told me one day .... "Becoming a refugee is about change ... and mainly changing our values in life.

Not so long time ago ... i cared a lot about what new jacket or shoes i will buy ... but now after losing all the 3 houses we owned in Mariupol ... and almost all my clothes and shoes ... i simple smile.

Today i wear clothes from the centers created for helping the refugees ... but i am happy that me and my family ... are alive ... and together.

I don't know if i really became a better soul ... but I totally changed my values of life."

For that lady .... being a refugees was a totally new experience ... same as for myself helping the others was a totally new way of spending my life.

Without realizing .... I started little by little to change my values .... and my life.

2 years ago if someone would tell me that i will spend my time like that ... i would laugh saying that is a horrible joke ... but today ... i just love my new friends ... the ukrainian refugees.

And i love them mostly... cause in their companion i succeeded to show to the world the beautiful side of myself.

And it was ... so damn easy ... and i wonder why i haven't done that long time ago.

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Today i could have been a totally different person .... one with beautiful values ... as human being.

But you see ... it's never too late.

So ... the russian-ukrainian war was a great opportunity ... for myself.

Sounds weird ... but it really was the right time for me and maybe many others to see life from a totally different perspective.

And once the process of change started i just hoped that everything will continue for the inner self in the same style.

## **“It is not your war”**

One day .... I had the chance to meet a young girl ... of 12 years old, from Kiev.

After staying with her mother and grandmother for 5 weeks in a bunker she came to Bucharest.

I've met her in the train station and took them to an apartment we've prepared for all the ones that came from Ukraine and needed support from us.

The studio was in a commercial building and its destination was to host people that came in visit to the companies from there.

It was small and not so clean, even if we did our best for arranging everything well.

It maybe needed a renovation for few days but it was not the time for that.

I apologized to them that maybe is not the right place to live, but instead of what i thought might be their reaction ... they said “Wow! We don't really know how to thank you. You are so kind to us.”

They hugged me ... and said me so many times thank you ... that i did not really knew what to say.

I could not believe it ... but then they showed me pictures from the bunker where they lived for 5 weeks.

My small unclean studio was looking as the palace of a king comparing to the bunker.

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I could not really feel their emotions, but i could read on their faces ... that they were happy cause they had a place to stay just for them.

At home ... because of the war .... they lost the beautiful life from Kiev.

Now ... after realizing that everything changed in their lives .... as long as they don't hear the alarms and the bombs from Ukraine ... life was beautiful.

Everything was looking perfect and could even be defined as ... amazing ... even if i could not see things as that.

A perspective ... totally different as the one of the normal people.

But ... same as the others around me ... i was blind, not seeing the perfectness of all the things from the timeline of my life.

Is weird .... how the war is redefining ... the perspectives of the human being.

And i have a much weird question ... why we need to see the war so that we change our views about life ... instead of following the path of change by our own?!

Sofia was singing this beautiful song ... "It is not my war"... having on the background images with the ruins made by the russian bombs ... and i was keep wondering myself ... on and on and on ...why do we need worst case scenarios in our lives ... as we to be able to see the world with different eyes?!

... and maybe it is "our war" ... the one with the inner self.

The outer war ... is just the help for redefining our lives ... and see everything differently.



**There are one million ways of saying ...  
“Thank you!” ... and people will love to hear  
that ... especially when you make them  
feel ... heroes**

I was at the train station in Bucharest, taking a family from Kiev to host at my home.

But just before leaving and saying good bye to the all the volunteers ... Sofia ... a girl of 12 ... wanted to sign a song to everybody from there.

We were a little bit in a hurry, but it was late anyway ... so i just said to her ... “All of us from here ... from the waiting room would love to hear you signing to ... us.

So ... do it!”

Sofia started to sign ... and her voice was amazing.

Everybody was admiring her ...and could not believe that a kid can sign like that.

Before making the first step into the waiting room of the North Railroad Station ... i did not felt any special vibe ... and now 10 minutes later ... Sofia changed with her song the vibration of everyone from there.

They were filming and photographing.

Some started to applause her.

Sofia ... change their vibe ... with her amazing voice.

I suddenly felt a great happiness ... in there.

I was looking at the volunteers ... and i saw them satisfied of

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all what they were doing for the ukrainian refugees.

Sofia made them feel ... heroes.

And i bet not even the president of our country could make them feel like Sofia .... succeeded with her charm and that beautiful song.

I smiled ... seeing such a great way of saying ... "Thank you!" ... and it's too bad we ... the adults .... don't have the same ability as this little angel.

And i know that all of us ... want to feel like a hero ... and maybe sometimes we really are heroes .... but there is no Sofia around to ... whisper that to us.

## **Who does not knows how to risk ... will not drink champagne in the end**

My experience with the people coming from Ukraine ..  
running by the war ... was an amazing one.  
Somehow redefined my view about life.  
I knew it in a theoretical way ... but i ignored that all the  
time.

The people from Odesa ... came to Bucharest, with only few  
clothes in little bags, that were running away by bombs, but  
still caring in their souls the hope of a better tomorrow,  
starting in fact a journey on a path to a better life ... made  
me see life from a totally different perspective.

I saw rich, but also poor people ... that proved me how  
illusory life is.

I always had the chance to meet a large spectrum of souls ...  
and i realized now that the communists were right .... we are  
all the egal as human beings.

But too bad that the communist were not believing in God,  
Universe ... Supreme Intelligence ... or whatever we would  
name the Infinite .... cause spirituality would help them a lot  
in creating that new society they wanted yo create.

I see today ... and the refugees made me see it so clear ...  
that in fact ... in front of the destiny, no matter who we used  
to be ... for reasons difficult to be understood today ... but  
very important for our future ... reality can be changed over

night.

And we are all equal ... in front of the destiny.

Everything is totally redefined .. in an unbelievable way ... and we are so unhappy losing the reality of yesterday ... the same reality that many of us maybe hated so much.

So ... i finally understand that if we don't have the power to start the process of change ... even if we dream so much for a better life ... the change will come ... inevitable.

And we might not like the process of change at all.

In fact ... we will totally dislike all what is going on ... same as the refugees from Ukraine dislike all what is going on today.

But seeing that i could lose my reality, the one that i have now .... and many, many times ... i disliked it so much ... and lose everything has to do with it ... same as the ukrainians ... i start to have a new perspective on what i call ... my philosophy of life.

Analyzing and defining all this large spectrum of souls ... i start to see the change ... whatever form it has ... as a process of destroying and rebuilding ourselves.

And as a paradox ... all the ugly elements that we believe that are destroying us ... will actually make us run away from the actual life to a better one.

The negative elements ... become the fuel for a future reality fulfilled with what we used to define as positivity .... not so long time ago.

A weird balance appears between what we name ... positivity and negativity .... and we understand that everything happens ... happens for a reason .... difficult to be understood with the mind we have today ... but still ... in our

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benefit.

We start to accept all what is going on ... first by force ... but then we agree with the Universe.

Destroying and rebuilding ourselves .... becomes kind of a journey ... to a better life.

And there is only one thing to do ... dare to risk ... and continue this journey ... cause as a lady from Odesa told me ... who does not knows how to risk ... will not drink champagne in the end.

## **Just follow the path and everything will come by itself**

I was a little bit worried with Vera, her kid, mother and sister. They were not so used to travel ... and all they knew was that they wanted to go to Switzerland.

Nothing more ... even if they had no idea about how they could do it.

They were living somewhere near Odesa, in a beautiful village, but suddenly their lives changed over night.

They had to abandon their homes, their husbands ... their everything and just leave.

Had absolutely no money with them ... but they told me all the time that they go to a certain place from Switzerland.

When i took them to our home ... i was wondering ... how the hell can we help them?!

But ... can we really help them?!

I mean keeping them for a while at us, feeding them ... this was in my opinion ... basic help ... without a real meaning for their lives.

The little baby was only 2 months ... and i knew that her energy will help them a lot .... on this long journey to the exile.

Me and my family tried to make them feel in those 3 days spent together ... like at home.

We did all our best .... but i knew that this was not what i needed to do for them.

I've meditating a lot ... and realized the meaning of the real help that we could give for the refugees.

We could not adopt Vera and her family, but we could find a way to help her on this journey for a better life ... to her family from Switzerland.

After 3 days we've decided together to take them to the railroad station and buy train tickets to Vienna.

There was no direct train from Bucharest to Switzerland, but i knew that in Vienna there will be more other people that will help them.

We had to wait a lot to buy the tickets and having nothing better to do, i start to talk with Svetlana, a very intelligent lady that was going in Bordeaux, France.

She only had 40 euros for this journey from Bucharest to Bordeaux .... but she had to pay also for her husband and her mother.

I started to laugh.

"My friends! My dear new friends! I know they said that the tickets are free for the refugees, but you'll see soon that you actually have to pay.

Few days ago i paid the whole amount for another ukrainian lady.

But let's do like this. I pay the tickets for you ... i'll buy one for me too and we'll go together to Bordeaux.

What do you say?!"

Svetlana smiled.

She understood i wanted to help her by paying the train tickets to her family.

So .... after i bought the tickets for both of them ... Vera and Svetlana ... and their families ... i say to Svetlana's husband ... a nice guy of about 50 years old:

"Listen! I need to ask you a favor! Vera is not so used to travel and you will need to change the trains in Budapest. I just need as you to guide them so that they can reach well to Vienna"

They smiled and agreed with me.

We became friends in 5 minutes ... and it was like we knew each other by a life time.

I was really worried about Vera and her family.

How the hell they will going to make it?!

I read so many motivational books in my life and i knew that all we need to do is to follow the path and everything will come by itself ... but still i had a weird balance in my mind ..., believing that they will make it and that ... they will not make it.

All my hope was now in Svetlana's hands.

I knew the hungarians will not help them so much ... but as long as they arrive in Vienna they will be safe and the volunteers from there will guide them to Switzerland.

But guess what?!

In Budapest ... Vera, her mother, sister and the little baby started to run after another train and loses Svetlana.

They jump in another train.

It was a train to Vienna-Munich, but the people from the train said nothing to them and they arrived well in Westbahnhof Vienna.

Just as i thought ... the volunteers helped them with another train, gave them everything they needed and they arrived



well at the relatives from Switzerland.

Vera wrote to my wife and sent her pictures from there.

I could not believe it.

They made it.

I was really, really happy.

So ... even if i knew the theory i could not believe in it.

I knew how things work with the Universe ... that you just need to believe ... and everything will be arranged by itself ... but still i was not believing for 100%.

One more time ... i saw how idiot i was ... not making the connection between theory and the real life.

Few days later Svetlana calls and apologizes that she lost Vera in Budapest.

She was ok and waited for the train to France.

We laughed a lot in the 5 minutes talk and i reminded her that when she will arrange her life in Bordeaux ... i expect some bottles of wine from her in return for the train tickets i bought in Bucharest.

I wished them luck ... and knew that they will make it also.

And ... there is always ... just one conclusion ... the Universe is taking care of all the details ... and we should not be worried.

We should just believe ... that we can do it ... and the things will be arranged even if it might look ... impossible.

## **Paranoia ... a disease that we carry inside of us from the prehistorical age**

We do believe today that there is a huge difference between the human being from our times and the one from thousands of years ago.

We see ourselves totally changed ... but i wonder myself what is that difference ... and why still paranoia exists today?!

I mean in a world that evolved so much ... why we still have wars ... and why we still kill each other?!

Why we still can't trust each other and treat with respect all the connections that we have with the other humans?!

Thousands of years ago people were afraid to not be killed by the others ... but today i still see that fear ... in different other forms.

Alex, a refugee boy of 15, from Odesa ... stayed at us in Bucharest ... for 3 days.

Now he is already in Germany and he is very glad that him and his family could make it.

We received him at us with joy, but even if we tried to do our best as them to feel welcomed ... Alex was a little bit scared of us.

You could see that on his face ... but we found it weird ... and we could not understand why.

Yesterday he called my friend Boriss, the translator that helped me talk with them.

He felt a little bit ... ashamed.

He explained to Boriss that in the first night he could not sleep at all, cause he heard all kinds of silly stories in social media that us ... the romanians ... are pretending to help them .... and in fact we take them in our homes to sell their ... organs.

I could not believe it, while Boriss was telling me what Alex was thinking.

A total paranoia .... and i was shocked in fact.

We tried to do our best to make them feel like in vacation at our home ... and they believed that we want to kill them for selling their organs ... to make money.

But in the end .... i just smiled.

The war, the bombs, the russians ... all that drama made them become ... paranoia.

We just tried to help ... but this silly paranoia could not let them see our true intentions.

We just had to accept them with all their thoughts and feelings .. and don't judge anything at all.

But i feel that ... paranoia is even today ... a disease that we carry inside of us from the prehistorical age ... and we will not get rid of it soon.

Life continues ... and maybe having a large spectrum of experiences .... in time we will change a little bit.

## **Maybe is time to think about adopting people ... not dogs**

While trying to help the ukrainians i realized i also need the support of others ... and for some reasons i believed that all the people i knew that loved the pets and were adopting them all the time ... they will support me in this process. But ... it was a little bit funny to speak with them ... and after talking half an hour about all what is going on i heard ... "ok" ... or "if i hear that someone would like to help you ... i would let you know."

It was all a ... blablabla .... from their side and i could not believe it.

Not being a pet lover ... i saw them many times in the past trying to convince me that the dogs are beautiful souls ... and i should adopt one too.

They took them from the streets at their homes ... feed them and take care of them like they would be children.

I could not understand why they were doing it ... but now they could not understand why i was taking care of the ukrainians which were coming more and more to Romania.

But i was asking myself .... if i am the idiot one or .... them?! The dogs were defined as beautiful souls ... but ukrainians were what?!

I was a little bit ... shocked.

Same people that showed their compassion for the pets ....

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so many years in a row ... and were trying to convince all the others to adopt the dogs from the streets ... did not care at all of the refugees that were coming to us by bus or by train ... and slept in very bad conditions in here.

Most probably this is happening all around Europe and people don't realize that we need to adopt for a while all those people came to us from Ukraine.

The state will be soon overloaded by all that is going on ... but us ... the ordinary people we can help them somehow.

If we have the ability to see a soul in a dog or a cat ... maybe is time to see a soul in a refugee too.

Instead of adopting a pet ... we should have in mind to temporary adopt those people ... till this dramatic story ... will come to an end.

I believe it is the perfect time to ... show that we carry a soul inside of us.

Will it be difficult?!

I believe it will be not ... cause any human being carries compassion inside of the soul ... and even if we are afraid of doing it .... we should try it ... at least as an experiment.

Our new friends ... the ukrainians ... need us!

**And the question is ... when  
it comes about the ukrainian  
refugees .... should we also help  
the rich people ... or  
just ignore them?!**

Well ... the philosophical question that i have in my mind is actually ... is it a sin to be rich?!

Or maybe ... practicing the opulence, just because that person is rich ... is the real sin we need to avoid in life?!

Well ... we all know that a person having a white or black skin, intelligent or stupid .... poor or rich etc etc ... is still a soul.

About a year ago ... i had a fire at one of my houses that had been rented to someone.

The firemen came right away .... but they acted so silly that i thought the whole complex of 15 houses which was there .... will burn.

When everything ended ... because i told them that they are the most stupidest firemen from the world .... their colonel asked me .... " Do you expect me to be empathic with you?! You own lots of houses.

I simple don't care about you."

Well ... i felt ... really disappointed hearing how a fireman is thinking seeing how the house of a real estate investor is ...

burning.

And ... i tell you the truth.

I simple hated him ... but at least i could define the guy as a honest person ... cause he actually told me what he really thought.

Later on only 1-2 people asked me if i need something to help me fixing the damage done by the fire.

I saw ... no compassion around me and i really felt disappointed.

I did not really needed anything at all .... but i felt so annoyed and disappointed to see .... no support around me. In the end ... i just smiled ... understanding that i've been defined as a wealthy person, owning lots of things ... so why should they bother with my problem, cause i could solve all my problems ... alone.

Yesterday ... i saw a movie with a romanian guy that went to the ukrainian-romanian border .... to help a little bit the refugees.

He came with water, juices, sandwiches ... everything he could buy from his money ... just to help.

But once arrived at the border became totally annoyed of what was going on.

He suddenly saw all types of Mercedes, BMW, Audi, Bentley, Bugatti and even ... Rolls-Royce.

And the guy was explaining with a huge indignation .... that he could not believe what he saw.

"Where are the poor families that they show us on tv?!

Where are the kids crying?!

Well ... all i can see at the border with Ukraine are the most expensive cars from the world.

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It's like an international car show.

Nothing to do with ... people that need help.

The value of those cars is at least ... 3 billion dollars.

Don't watch tv anymore!

It's all a lie"

I smiled.

The guy was really annoyed that he did not see any Opel or Skoda ... which are used a lot by ordinary people from Europe ... and was asking all the romanians why we should bother to help the ukrainians.

I realized it's all an episode similar with the one i had one year ago when i had the fire at my residential complex.

This guy was judging all those people that were running away by bombs.

So ... all the ukrainians are rich people?!

But ... should we ignore all those rich people ... running away by the war?!

Should we judge all the men that left Ukraine in very expensive cars by offering bribe to the ukrainian army from the border ... just to let them out of the country?!

Well ... i read over the years lots of spiritual books ... and i finally understand what Sadhguru, Dalai Lama, Pope Francis and many, many others said ... about unconditional help ... without judging that person ... not even for a second.

And i laugh one more time, cause i also hosted Ivanna ... that was a rich lady from Odesa ... which explained me that she wants to go in a place where she will not see the other refugees .

I totally understand the indignation of my compatriot ... that saw the cars with a total value of 3 billion dollars ... but at



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least once in a life time ... we should stop judging people.

Being rich ... is not a sin.

And yes ... i agree that opulence is an ugly sin ... but in the actual circumstances .... we should see the message behind the message.

I do own a very ugly car ... and old Skoda.

I also own a limousine.

And i also own a beautiful Mercedes from 1977.

But i also used my money for buying train tickets to Vienna ... for people coming from Ukraine that ... i did not know who they are.

I don't bother to judge them, cause all of them should be helped in the actual circumstances ... no matter who they are.

Giving advices to the romanians and also to the other nations ... that we should pay attention at who we help ... is just ridiculous.

Maybe is the right time as the Pope or Dalai Lama to come to Bucharest and teach the romanians what means unconditional help ... or infinite love.

Cause you see ... first of all a refugee ... rich or poor ... is ... a soul.

## **There are times when understanding the other side is better than ... defining them**

I believe a lot in the concept of analyzing, defining and then redefine whatever we don't like in life ... but i also believe that sometimes we must simple accept reality ... just as it is. I mean ... everything is happening on the scene of life is happening with the knowledge of the Supreme Intelligence ... which theoretically means ... that there is an important reason why the things are happening the way they do happen.

Being involved in helping the ukrainian refugees that are coming from Odesa to Bucharest ... i was surprised to see lots of people around me defining them in one million ways . I heard the romanians admiring them that they are optimistic .... but i also saw too many judging the ukrainians that they are just ... continuing their lives .... in the way they were used to live in Ukraine.

And ... one morning a lady that came to the place that we arranged for the refugees ... calls and ask for a ... hair dryer. A very simple request ... but my wife, which is usually pleasant with them ... suddenly became annoyed.

"What the hell is going on?! Do they believe they stay in a 5 stars hotel?!"

We try to help them ... but i believe they just over react"

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I was smiling.

"How much does it costs a hair dryer?!" .. i've asked.

"We just need to help them in a unconditional way .... and don't judge any of them".

I was smiling ... cause i realized that the lives of those people were changed by force ... by the Universe.

They were not ready for this overnight change with the war ... and we were not really ready to help them ... in an unconditional way.

In the end ... i just asked my wife to buy a hair drying, which by the way ... was ridiculous cheap ... and satisfied that lady that needed it.

It was all ... a lesson.

For both sides.

The lesson of a change that looks ... dramatic for ukrainians ... and the one of understanding how we should help those people ... without judging, defining and expecting something in return.

It was ridiculous for me seeing that a ... hair dryer ... which is a very simple request for someone used with some normal standards of life ... to stop the relationship that we have with the hosted ukrainians.

As i see today ... both sides are still acting in a silly way ... but maybe a time is needed for ... accommodation ... and also to understand how we should better act on the stage of life.

The refugees need help ... and if a simple hair dryer can cut the connection we have with them ... we just prove that we act as ... idiots.

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It's a perfect time to guide ourselves ... to the a much higher spiritual level.

Maybe ... infinite love and understanding is the best path that we should have ... in our minds.

## **Life goes on ... no matter what is going on**

Christine called to ask me to take 2 ukrainian girls refugees from the railroad station to the hotel, but i was too busy .... so i called my friend John to come and replace me.

John is the CEO of an american corporation from Bucharest, but is the kind of person that would do anything to help ... especially the ladies.

He goes to pick them up and i receive a whatsapp message right away ... "My God! You have no idea how beautiful those girls are.

Thank you my friend".

Ivanna and Anna goes at the car and instead of taking them right to the hotel, John decides to take them to a city tour.

And i am sure that an american can present Bucharest in a much better way ... that i could do as romanian.

Being so friendly ... John connects right away to the 2 beautiful ukrainian young ladies.

But he is totally surprised seeing them smiling, asking question about the city, then about America ... and then one of the just asked:

"Listen John! We will stay in Bucharest for one more week and we need to take care of our hair and nails.

Can you make us the arrangements for that?!

It's quite important for us."

John smiles and ... promise he will take care of everything ...

and then takes them to the hotel and leaves.

He calls me and says: "I loved to make Bucharest City Tour for those 2 young ladies ... but they did not told me anything about bombs or ... the war.

Is just like they had no idea about what was going on ... and all they were interested in was to take care of they hair and nails ... which is a little bit ridiculous ... i believe."

"Well John ... what we don't understand is that life goes on ... no matter what is happening.

Sometimes we can't reset our thinking, not even in dramatic situations ... but at the right time we will see the message the Universe is sending to us.

We must not judge anyone.

Somehow we need to help those people from Ukraine ... unconditionally.

There will be the whole spectrum of people coming to Romania .... and all we will need to do is just help and guide them on this journey to a new life.

Maybe something karmic is happening in there ... but as you see those 2 girls don't care about the war ... but about their future in Lisbon.

Or maybe they read lots of books about motivation and know how to focus on the positive, not on the negative side of the story.

You see ... we should learn from them and understand that life goes on ... no matter what is going on."

**Truth be told we don't know  
anything about unconditional help ...  
neither when we need to help, but also  
when we need to be helped.**

I went again to the railroad station to see if i can help the ukrainian refugees.

This time i was with my wife and children.

First and second time when i was ... people looked weird at me ... not understanding why i want to come and help.

Most refugees are ladies with their children ... and maybe is strange as a single man to come and say that will help them.

There were even 2 ladies from Police taking my id and interrogating me ... why i do that?!

I just wanted to help ... but they could not believe me.

Today ... i go ... and we say one more time that we want to help people coming from Ukraine.

Explain them that we have 5 single beds and the lady from there said : "Perfect! I have 4 persons for you! Let me find a translator and i come back!".

She comes with a lady of about 50, but also with her son of 15 and her daughter of 24.

A guy of about 65, which was their driver was also with them.

We show them pictures with the location ... and the first question is ... "How much does it costs?!"

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I could not believe it.

I had zero credibility in front of those persons which i wanted to help.

But we continue explaining that is for free and we just want to help them.

.... and nothing more.

In the end ... they decide to come with us.

They follow our car and arrive at the location.

The food was ready ... and someone else also brought them pizza.

I present the place ... and i see them relaxed now.

They could not believe we help them for ... free ... and i realize that we don't know almost anything about helping or being helped ... especially in an unconditional way.

You might hear lots of things about ukrainians and romanians ... but we've never been friends before.

We are neighbors and i even dare to say that we even disliked a little bit before the war.

But guess what?!

The Universe arranged the things to become friends ... but it will still take a while till we will realize that we can count one on another.

And i continue smiling ... while meditating if i really know what "unconditional" means.



**We should learn the  
art of helping ... unconditionally.  
Otherwise is almost ... useless**

Seeing people coming from Ukraine to my country, i saw lots of people trying to help, but i also saw kind of a weird balance in their decision for doing that.

I saw how they started to ask themselves ... what if those persons are bad people or people that are trying to take advantage of us ... or even worst ... people that would do bad things to us.

This balance of contradictory emotions ... of helping, but also paying a huge attention before we do that ... to make sure we help the right person ... is just silly.

In my belief ... 2 souls are meeting on the scene of the real life ... for a reason.

Sometimes we don't even understand why we really met ... sometimes we almost dislike that we met, but we should just remember that ... everything happens for a reason ... even if we have absolutely no idea what that reason is.

And even if i believe so much that for a better life ... we should always analyze, define and redefine all what we do not like ... i should say to all the people trying to help those refugees ... to stop analyzing and defining them.

We should help .... unconditionally.

Helping someone ... but judging that person ... we really

## **THE REFUGEES ... A STORY ABOUT CHANGE**

*motivational essays*

start acting as idiots.

Seeing this balance of contradictory emotions and actions, that i saw at myself also in the past ... i should just say we are not ready ... at least not yet ... to help the others.

Maybe we should analyze and define ... why we act as that ... and try to redefine a little bit the way we act ... while trying to help.

I should say to all the ones that have this ugly emotional balance ... which i repeat ... i also had it ... but hope to not have it again ... to remember that everything we see in life is just the reflection of the inner self.

So ... we should stop judging ... and learn ... little by little ... the art of helping ... unconditionally.

Just try it!

... at least as an experiment!

**It's incredible to see the  
hope from their souls.  
You could almost believe  
that they all went to  
motivational schools in Ukraine**

Wanting to help in a way or another the refugees that comes from Ukraine to my country ... i go to the Central Railroad Station.

Somehow it looked like they were in transit in here and even if i saw so many on the tv, they already left from Bucharest. I then go to Bus Station when i heard that refugees are coming also ... and i find in there few people to talk with. But i see that ... there were actually more policemen and volunteers than refugees.

A guy from Police explained me that they come here, but later on they just prepare to leave to Spain, Italy, Germany and other countries from Western Europe.

But a lady with her 3 daughters appears ... and we start to chat.

She was not speaking english .... but only ukrainian language and russian.

A guy comes and helps us with the translation.

Then a lady from police comes to me.

She wanted to know what i really want and ask for my id.

She even makes a copy of my id and takes my phone

number ... but i explain to her that i want to take Maria (that was the name of the lady having 3 kids) at my home.  
Hearing that the lady from Police started to be annoyed.  
"So you came in here to take a lady at your home.  
Hmm"  
"Yes!  
But not only one.  
I want 6-7 ladies.  
I can host all of them, including their kids" ... i reply.  
The lady from Police ... became really annoyed to hear this.  
"So you actually came in here to take 6-7 ladies from Ukraine at your home"  
"Yes!  
I know that all the ladies from Ukraine are beautiful, but if you would listen to me ... i said .. ladies with kids.  
We want to help them.  
I am married.  
I am not looking for a wife ... or 6-7 wives."  
I was probably not on the right frequency ... cause this weird lady from Police ... totally disagreed with me.  
But ignoring what she said ... Maria took her 2 bags and the 3 daughters and comes to my car.  
I had kind of a bar in a residential complex and we reconverted it into a small apartment right away.  
When Maria came ... it was still looking like a bar.  
We explained to her to not worry cause we will succeed in 2-3 hours to finish.  
Well ... it took us about 10 hours to do it.  
Everyone from the complex came and helped.  
Brought food, chocolate, fruits ... everything they needed.

Maria could not believe it.

She was so happy.

She smiled all the time.

My friend Paul, the plumber that helped us make the bathroom ... was watching her and asked me ... "How the hell she succeeds to have this smiley face?!"

She's a single mother, with 3 kids ... and left her country with only 2 bags in her hands ... and she has no idea what she's going to do next.

I just can't believe it!

I don't see any sign of worry on her face."

Paul ... which is a little bit depressive ... could not believe that Maria was so powerful ... and confident.

We succeeded in the end to reconvert the bar of the complex ... and everybody came to speak to her and her little daughters of 5, 7 and 9 years old.

It was the first time after a year and a half when we were using the bar.

And ... if you can believe it ... even if in the residential complex everyone was consuming lots of alcohol ... the bar was not used.

We did not know how to connect to each other and even if we could name that place the Alcohol Deposit, cause in all the houses everyone had lots of alcohol ... we did not realized in a year and a half that we could also drink .. together.

Maria smiles when i tell her the story of the reconverted bar ... and suddenly the Police is calling me.

That police woman was annoyed ... one more time ... cause i did not called her to give a report about what i did.

She wanted the location, photos ... and she also wanted to talk to Maria.

The lady was ... just crazy.

5 minutes later she calls again.

"Ah! You want to come and arrest me?! I am here. Come!"

"No! I wanted to apologize ... cause i looked at the photos ... and they all smile.

Could not believe it!

You are not a bad person ... as i thought ... and i want to apologize for that."

I smile ... "Yes! I know ... i look as a jerk ... but i am not. Or maybe i've been a jerk all my life ... and i succeed to redefine myself.

But it looks like ... i still look as a jerk.

Hahahaha"

I somehow realize that ... we do live in a crazy world ... with very silly standards.

People are not used to help other people.

And i look at all the people from the timeline of my life ... and even if they have everything they could ever want ... I can't see that smiley face Maria has.

... and Maria has nothing ... than her 3 daughters and 2 bags with few clothes.

So ... i look at all the idiots around me ... seeing them so unhappy all the time, even if they have everything they ever wanted ... and on the other side i see a single mother, that abandoned everything she had in Odesa ... and like all the others i can't understand where from she has so much optimism.

How she does it?!

## **THE REFUGEES ... A STORY ABOUT CHANGE**

*motivational essays*

Do they have motivational schools in Ukraine?!

Why Maria is not depressive?!

Why she has that smiley face?!

Somehow ... i do believe that when we lose everything we have ... we remember that inside of us we do have that inner self that can guide us ... and have such an optimism ... like Maria is acting today.

Truth be told we ignored all the refugees from Syria and lots of other non european countries, non feeling connected to them, but it's still ok cause today we found out how to connect with the ones from Ukraine.

Maria is for me now ... just looking at her smile ... a person that makes me understand the power of motivation.

Is a real example ... for me and the ones that meet her.

And i start even to believe that all the books i read over the years about motivation ... are useless.

Maria explained me in few hours ... all it's really about this abstract concept ... that we ... the ones that have everything ... can't understand even if we look at motivational movies or quotes ... or read 1000 books about the subject.

**Any soul has a ... beautiful side.  
Just ... learn the art of finding that side.**

While trying to help a little bit those nice people came to Bucharest from Odesa, as refugees.... i realized i need the help of the people from the timeline of my life.

So i called Melinda ... cause i also needed her help.

She is the mistress of a very wealthy guy and i already know them quite well cause i rented an apartment to the 2 of them, by a long time.

And to be honest with you i made good money with those illicit love stories in the last few years, cause there are lots of people nowadays that are doing that.

Of course ... my wife does not agree that i rent houses to those people, but i learnt that i have the duty to not not judge anyone ... no matter who that person is.

She knew the guy ... but did not knew Melinda.

I was polite all the time with her when i saw them ... and she was the same with me.

My wife just knew her name ... and really hated her.

Told me many times that she is a bitch ... a whore etc etc ... cause she is actually ruining the family of that guy.

But i never ... listened to what my wife had to say.

Melinda came to the place where we had Maria from Odesa and her 3 daughters ... and they become friends.

She called me saying ... " Maria is an amazing woman. I will



see how i can also help her.”

And i knew she will take care of everything ... in the best way she can do it.

Then my wife appears ... and the 3 of them ... looks like the best friends.

I could not believe it.

My wife was talking to Melinda and they were laughing together.

I said ...”It’s ok! I just want to see that Maria gets the best help we can provide us” ... cause she was a single mother ... with 3 small kids.

We had to help her unconditionally.

In the end ... we succeed to take Maria to a train to Vienna ... and all of us were happy cause we succeeded to guide her ... maybe to a better future.

When i arrive home am hearing my wife:

“Who is that girl?!”

She was so nice to Maria.

Bought things for the girls and also gave them money before the train left.

Am glad you found her ... to help”

I was shocked.

She did not know who was in fact ... Melinda.

I smile and say ... “That was Melinda”

“You mean that Melinda??!”

“Yes ... that Melinda. Melinda is a soul and she proved it today”

Annoyed my wife could not believe what i did to her: “So i stayed the whole day in her company, not really knowing who she is.

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But ... yes indeed ... the bitch has a soul ... even a great one."

I was laughing behind my wife's back ... but i was laughing cause i saw how the Universe arranged the things so that my wife can re evaluate what she named a "bitch" ... but was in fact a soul ... a great one.

## **Money can't save us all the time ... even if we might believe so**

It was midnight.

Ivanna and her 2 boys came to my place.

They were from Kiev and where looking to go to Toronto, Canada.

The taxi driver that helped them to find me ... was doing the presentations.

I take all of them to the place that we prepared ... but it was obvious that Ivanna was not so happy to stay in there.

It was a bar, from a residential complex, which we reconverted to a kind of studio.

We actually arranged everything ... just in one day ... but even if everything was new ... it was not the 5 stars hotel Ivanna was looking for.

I've been working with lots of ladies like her over the years ... so i just smiled.

I show them the beds ... and suddenly i see that a dog was sleeping in one of them.

I could not believe it.

Now i saw why that lady was annoyed.

A little girl, that was staying in there also, let the dog inside and thought that it can sleep in a bed same as a refugee.

I smile to them ... present them to the others and then left

the place ... cause it was much too late.  
In the morning i'm called by someone from there to be asked why don't i come to bring Ivanna to the embassy.  
But i was drinking my coffee ... and i need to have 3-4, before i leave home.  
For me is like a ... drug.  
I arrive and i see Ivanna annoyed again.  
Seeing my old dirty car ... she could not believe that this was the car they will stay in the whole day.  
... but i keep smiling.  
We go to few embassies ... and we solve ... nothing.  
They all .... were overloaded.  
The ukrainian one ... was renewing only 50 passports a day, which was nothing comparing with the numbers of people that were coming to my country.  
Ivanna insists to give me money for being their driver ... but explain to her in an ironic way that it was not legal to take her money because i did not had a taxi license.  
I was doing this just to .... help.  
Nothing more.  
Seeing that i am a friendly person, even if she was a real annoying lady ... she explains to me that they want to go to Montreal, Canada and never come back to Ukraine.  
She also explains to me that she has cash at her ... and just wants to hurry things, but the problem was that no one was interested about her money.  
Everyone was volunteering ... helping them for free.  
But after a whole day ... we could not do anything at all.  
There were too many people in here trying to find a way to go to Western Europe, somehow still believing we need to

follow the procedures ... but nobody was really announcing that they could leave Romania ... even without ids.

The official answer was that they need passports ... even biometrical ones, but i start asking other volunteers and also people from police or from the airport ... and they all advice me to tell them ... just to risk and leave ... cause nobody will send them back if they don't have passports.

I was watching Ivanna ... and realized she is from a wealthy family.

... the way she was dressed, the way she was acting ... reminding me all the time that ... she has ... the cash ... made me smile all the time.

Maybe she was a millionaire, maybe just a person that had a little bit more than the others ... but money could not help her with anything at all.

She was treated like all the others ... and no one was carrying about ... her money.

I was meditating a lot while driving ... my old dirty car.

I was chasing for success all my life.

I chased for money many, many years in a row.

I read tens of books about money.

I could not sleep in the nights ... while thinking about how i could make more money .... and now i was just laughing seeing Ivanna.

But i was not laughing of her, behind her back.

I was laughing of me ... cause i realized after 20 years that money can't help us in all the situations.

But on the way back to home ... a brilliant idea came to me.

I call my brother and take them to his house.

Well ... comparing to my brother ... i could say that i was

showing to Ivanna the movie ... "The prince and the pauper".  
We park the car in front of the house.

Ivanna sees the Audi A8, the Land Rover and the new S  
Class Mercedes.

The house was looking like the mansion of a rich drug dealer.  
And guess what?!

Ivanna started to smile.

Everything she was seeing was ... her style.

I present her to my sister in law, which knows russian and  
they started to chat.

She became a little bit more relaxed ... and she explains that  
she is taking pills for calming her.

Explains to us ... and my sister in law was translating from  
russian ... about the bombs, the terror they were living ...  
and that all we see on tv was for real.

But she also beg us to help her go somewhere ... where not  
the others ukrainians are.

I could not believe it ... while hearing that ... but i try to help  
her in the way she wanted and i find the solution in the end.  
I call a friend in Vienna, i find an apartment to rent in there,  
buy tickets for them ... and let them at the train ... wishing  
them luck.

They were so confused that could not realize that can stay in  
a hotel for a while, in Western Europe ... and then just leave  
to their relatives to Canada.

So ... even with the big cash in our pockets ... that can't help  
us think at the best solutions and also readapt ourselves to  
any scenario that might be ok in that situation.

I was analyzing Ivanna and was asking myself how all the  
wealthy persons i know by such a long time ... will react in

## **THE REFUGEES ... A STORY ABOUT CHANGE**

*motivational essays*

similar condition with the ones from Ukraine ... cause the war is at the border.

... and i continue smiling understanding the other side of the story.

The war is also about us ... and it reflects quite easy our characters.

## **Having a good connection ... 2 brains are always acting greater together**

It happens that i have a friend that i chat a lot with about life ... about the nonsense from our reality ... and also about this philosophical path which we name ... the journey on a pathless path.

I recently read in a spiritual book about karma a weird idea ... that someone that is killed in this life by someone else ... is actually a soul that killed someone in another life time.

So ... i spoke a lot with Paul about this idea ... and we asked ourselves what is the karmic meaning of the war from Ukraine?!

... why is this happening?!

I was trying to help somehow the people came Ukraine to Bucharest, but Paul thought something totally different In his opinion ... even if does not sounds so nice ... those people were somehow forced to start a new life.

The Universe was reseting ... their lives.

All those people had a life before ... maybe a beautiful one ... many of them.

And ... i met people from Odesa ... and told me that they had an amazing life in there at the seaside.



But everything stopped one day ... because of the bombs.  
Paul ... strongly believed that we need to follow this journey ... the way it happens.

And indeed ... the refugees simple needs to reset their thinking and ... move on.

He was explaining to me: "What we see today as a disaster ... maybe it's a great opportunity for a better tomorrow.

They might leave to Germany, Spain, France, Italy ... and start a new life in there.

It sounds totally weird today ... but few years later maybe they will see everything like the best opportunity they ever had.

We all disregard that everything happens today was allowed by the Infinite Intelligence ... and we should not judge any circumstances at all."

I was listening to Paul and still was not agreeing to him, cause he did not wanted to somehow help the ukrainians came to Bucharest.

Me and few other people hosted more ladies with kids ... brought them food, cakes, fruits, juices ... everything.

A lady even said ... "let's treat them like in a hotel and make them feel like they are in vacation".

And is funny ... cause they told us that they feel like is ... vacation.

Everyone was helping us ... except Paul ... of course.

He calls me again ... this time ... laughing:

"So ... how is it with the refugees?!

How is everything at the new hotel you just opened?!"

He was indeed ironic ... but continued:

"Listen ... i am not laughing of what you are doing, but even if you all have good intentions ... you miss the message the Universe is sending to us.

You hosted those people, you give them good food, cakes, chocolate and candies to the kids ... and you switched their reality from war to ... a vacation.

But you can't see the karmic meaning of everything.

Those people have no chance in a country as Romania to start a new beautiful life.

They need to go in the rich countries from Western Europe ... and just start a totally new life.

Help them to continue the journey.

The idiots from Russia treated them with bombs and you treated them with love ... but now you need to help them continue their karmic journey.

Few days of relaxation is enough.

Look ... i know you won't find air flights for them ... but take them now to the train to leave to the West and start a new life."

Hearing all these .... i realized we missed the whole point.

And indeed ... we can not afford to ... adopt those people from Ukraine ... but we can help them on this ... karmic journey.

So i go to the place where we hosted them ... tell them to prepare their luggage and go to the railroad station.

Volunteers told us we won't find places, but ... we succeeded to buy them tickets to Vienna.

They all thank us one million times and could not believe we treated them so nice ... cause even if we have border with Ukraine we never had a friendship with the ukrainians.

## **THE REFUGEES ... A STORY ABOUT CHANGE**

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We just told them ... that we helped them with joy.  
Paul was right ... we needed to help them continue the  
journey and maybe he helped them more than us ... cause  
he made us realize how we should really act in this moment.

**Near the sea, watching  
the waves ... we see the  
gateway of connecting to the Universe.  
And we feel a weird joy ... almost  
defined as a nonsense .... but the inner  
feeling is ... amazing**

I see more and more people loving to connect to the Universe, by using the trick of nature.  
It is probably one of the easiest way of doing it.  
And i see most of the people i know ... the ones that are already following a spiritual path in parallel with the normal life ... that post all the time images from nature.  
I personally knew the trick ... and knew it works so, so easy .... but i feel i still need guidance in that direction.  
And all what i did.... to start connecting myself to the Universe ... was to watch all those people from the timeline of my life.  
Same as them ... having enough of the vibe from myself .... I wanted a change ... one inside of my inner self.  
I simple wanted to close my eyes and feel ... happiness, but i was looking for a supreme ... non ending happiness.  
I mean ... i had enough of having the illusory belief that happiness can come from achieving different goals or material goods ... cause i know that it might come, but it's so

volatile that in like a balance between happiness and unhappiness .... cause i always ended being unsatisfied of my life.

Yesterday .... 2 of the people i knew sent me pictures and movies from the sea.

One ... a good friend ... a lady in a very good spiritual position ... was looking for a great vibe again.

The other one .... Marina ... a beautiful young lady, ukrainian refugee ... being in exile at the Black Sea in Albena, Bulgaria ... was walking on the beach for hours and hours.

She was sad about everything happened in her country ... but the calmness of the easy ... made her feel great again.

The sea itself ... became kind of a therapy.

One lady was 44 ... and the other one ... 19 and i had the chance to see in the same time them acting .... but searching for the same direction.

And it was lovely to measure their vibe before and after the meeting with the ... sea.

It almost looks as a ... nonsense ... all what i am writing ... but who tried the trick ... knows what i am talking about.

The impression ... given by the sea ... combined with the horizontal line between the sky and the water ... simple opens the gateway to the ... Infinite.

And we forget about the real life ... which is always weird, complicated and maybe also ... ugly ... by seeing the beauty of the moment of connection while admiring the the non ending dance of the waves.

Suddenly ... the vibe from the inner self ... change ... and the feeling is amazing.

Everything is amplified on and on and on.

## **THE REFUGEES ... A STORY ABOUT CHANGE**

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And ... life is beautiful again ... we feel it .. and we really believe it.

## **Connecting to beautiful souls .... is a real joy ... but it could also be a life lesson.**

I love connecting to people.  
I do it on social media, but also in the real life.  
I even do it on the streets ... with strangers.  
Today ... i stayed at the seaside.  
Lots of people from Ukraine here.  
Ladies with children ... but also men.  
This place ... is probably the best option they have at the moment.  
They stay in here till the season for tourists is going to start.  
They walk on the beach ... or near the sea.  
I ask few of them ... when do they think the war is going to finish ... but they tell me all the time ... "we don't know. Have absolutely no idea ... but hope it will be soon."  
It's Easter today.  
You can see the ukrainians everywhere.  
I almost start to believe that soon i will be speaking russian also ... cause i hear them speaking all the time.  
They are all ... beautiful souls.  
I see them calm ....  
There is nothing to do for them today .... but just enjoy the Infinite they see watching the sea.  
... they are connected to it.  
It's kind ... of a prayer.

## **THE REFUGEES ... A STORY ABOUT CHANGE**

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All those people are actually hoping to get their lives back.  
... same as it used to be.

Everyone i know in here ... even ordinary people ... has lots of dreams and desires ... but my new friends ... the ucrainians... are just asking the Universe to get their lives back.

I've been obsessed of everything means motivation ... in the last 10 years ... and i find it weird seeing my friends ... begging ... as life to re become how it used to be.

I still see the hope in their eyes ... and i finally understand how idiots we are ... the rest of us.

We don't know to live the present moment.

We don't know to appreciate our lives ... and everything the Universe ... offered us ... till this moment.

And looking at my friends ... connecting to them ... feeling the sadness from their souls ... i realize i had not understood anything about motivation ... at least not yet.

The ucrainians ... can become for all of us ... a life lesson.

I loved all the ones i met in my country ... but i am sure that at home, before the war to start ... they were acting still as many of us are acting today .... being unsatisfied of the lives they had.

But just .... until one day ... when the Universe decides as us to lose this what we name ... this grey reality.

Maybe it's time to learn something from this lesson.

Maybe we should not wait so long ... to finally understand the beauty of what we have in the present moment.

Connecting to the present moment ... understanding that it is the best scenario that we could live today ... should be amazing.

I look at the sea .... but also at all the ucrainians from here ...



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and i know i need to make some inner changes ... and that must happen quite soon.

I continue connecting to them with joy ... and i admire the beauty from their souls.

I somehow got in love with all of them ... understanding the motivational message ... behind a reality that is ... the way it is today.

**“From the very beginning  
I noticed the looks on myself,  
from you, but did not betray this  
significance”**

Before the russian-ukrainian war ... all what i really knew about Ukraine was that the ladies from there are extremely beautiful.

I even heard jokes in Bucharest ... that the city was invaded by ukrainian ladies and that the marriages from here are in real danger.

What is funny is that most of romanian wives i would define as ... shrews ... so i find the joke having even a karmic meaning.

But let me tell you ... a funny story.

One day ... just after i started to be a volunteer, helping the ladies came to the train station from Odessa ... being involved in a jam traffic, and also not being able to come in time and pick up a family and take them to some friends ... i call my friend Emilian to go and replace me.

It was a family with the mother, about 60 ... her daughter of 40 and the 2 nephews of 19 and 12.

Emilian is a very serious person ... married, having 3 kids ... and i could really define him as a guy that i could count on.

But the funny thing is that few hours later ... he calls me saying ... “My God! I know it’s a real war ... and we should not

make any joke about what is going on ... but you sent me to the train station to meet a beautiful angel.

I mean ... even a monk would fall in love of that girl of 19. Sensual, beautiful body, amazing vibe ... and the look of a princess.

What have you done to me?!

You've got any idea?!

... then ... later on ... i got back home to my wife which unfortunately ... always acts as a ... shrew."

I smiled.

"Well ... Emilian ... i know you are an idiot.

Whatever the Universe will send on the timeline of your life ... you'll change ... nothing.

You will complain all your life ... but will never actually leave your wife.

So ... my dear idiot friend .. sorry of laughing of you .... but ..."

"Yes ... i know ..."

3 week later ... he calls me again.

"Listen ... i can't sleep in the night anymore.

I dream of her ... day and night.

I want to go ... and see her ... just one more time."

"My dear ... dear friend ... i already know you so well ... and i know there will be nothing you can change about your life.

You can read one million books about change or motivation ... but you will still remain in that prison ... that you name ... your house.

I accidentally sent in your life ... a beautiful angel ... and maybe you realize that the jokes from Bucharest regarding the ukrainian ladies ... are real.

The marriages from here are in danger.

But not ....yours.

You are too coward... to restart your life.

I am sure that you adore that lady ... you admired her ... but ... that's it.

You gave her ... not even a single sign that you like her.

I know you are married ... but what you have is not a marriage ... and i can't really understand why you don't realize that you have nothing to lose.

Just ... write her!

Don't be coward anymore!

In war ... and love stories ... everything is allowed."

Emilian was so mad on me ... that he closed the conversation ... not even saying good bye to me.

But it was ok.

I was not mad on him.

The jokes we make in here ... are just simple jokes ... cause the men from Bucharest are too cowards ... even if they adore ... the ladies which came in visit in our city.

Few days later ... Emilian calls:

"Listen ... i told her ... that i like her.

In fact ... i told her ... that i adore her.

Soon ... i will leave and ... meet her."

I smile again.

"So Emilian ... you started to smoke weed.

It's ok.

I don't judge you."

"No .... Idiot! I had enough about the shrew i have at home.

I really want a new life ... but indeed i am still a coward.

But ... i am treating myself.

## **THE REFUGEES ... A STORY ABOUT CHANGE**

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An angel like this beautiful young lady ... can save me ... from the prison ... i am now."

I did not know if i should believe Emilian ... or not.

But seeing the picture with that girl ... well ... i believe there is a still a chance for him.

I smile seeing how weird acts the Universe ... and what impact has a war ... on the lives of people that were so far from Ukraine.

And i laugh ... remembering me saying ..."Damn it ... i hate this jam traffic from Bucharest."

... then i called Emilian ... and now you already know the story.

... somehow ... everything makes sense ... but ... later on!

And i also smile ... hearing that the young lady wrote to Emilian back ... "From the very beginning I noticed the looks on myself, from you, but did not betray this significance"

Hahahaha ...

**No matter what happens  
with us ... we should let the life  
continue ... and still ... enjoy it ...**

I was in the port of Constanta.  
An old boat was coming into the port.  
And again ... i was hearing some ladies speaking in russian.  
I was looking at the boat and saw ladies with kids.  
They were ukrainian.  
Unfortunately ... i already realized that the society from  
Romania started to be splitted into a group that is not  
standing the refugees anymore and another group ... much  
smaller ... that is supporting them ... unconditionally.  
The ladies with kids ... tried to spend the second day of  
Easter ... in a beautiful way ... making the kids forget that  
they are away from their homes ... and have a totally  
different life now ... one as a refugee.  
I totally disliked that my compatriots started to judge those  
people coming from Ukraine ... but it was useless to explain  
that life had to continue ... no matter what happens.  
In the same time ... a guy from Nebraska wrote me feeling a  
little bit ashamed that one year ago he wrote me about his  
amazing love story, asking me advices about how to write a  
book about it ... but today he felt in love of another girl.  
I simple asked ... "What could you do?! Don't let your ex  
judge you ... as she is the one that left you.

## **THE REFUGEES ... A STORY ABOUT CHANGE**

*motivational essays*

You simple let the life continue its course.

Should you stay and cry for her till the age of 80 or what?!"

He smiled ... and then i told him about the situation with the refugees from here.

So ... maybe we should stop judging.

Stop judging the others ... but also ourselves.

I liked seeing my ucrainian friends ... enjoying the beautiful day in Constanta.

And i also loved seeing the pictures my friend from Nebraska sent to me ... with him and his new girlfriend ... which by the way ... was looking amazing.

All i can say now ... is that we should be much opened mind ... and no matter what happens ... we should let the life go on.

**“Appreciate life every day.  
Just live. Enjoy. Feel. Be happy  
here and now. Damn it, just be thankful  
you're alive! It's priceless.”**

Hey!

I am Marina, from Nikolaev, Ukraine.  
I am 19 ... and this is my letter to the world.

Well, regarding my life, and in general love for it, my views have changed dramatically.

Until a certain age, I always lived by the stereotypical standards of "Be good, be a smart and proper girl, and everyone around you will love you."

Just because from the very first day of your birth, a plate was prepared for you with incomprehensible information that your mother inherited from her mother, back in the SSR( Soviet Socialist Republic) , and you were fed breakfasts like "You must" "You must" "be correct" "work, study, give birth to children and then life ...."

I lived in Ukraine, and automatically performed my duties. Sometimes even, not even though, I just understood that it was "necessary" but only "to whom"?



## **THE REFUGEES ... A STORY ABOUT CHANGE**

*motivational essays*

I didn't ask this question then. And I asked myself later. But now is not about that.

Continuing the theme of life, and love for it, I will probably say the most basic and banal, love it in all its manifestations, colors, vibrations and sensations. Be grateful. Every day, for every day. Love life, enjoy every moment, because "tomorrow" may simply not come.

Listen to good music, drink expensive wine, throw junk out of your life (and this is not about food or things at all) walk a lot, communicate, have sex, travel, eat whatever you want, without following any diets, if at the same time you do not harm your health, leave a shitty job, know the value of yourself and your time, do not waste it in vain.

Time is a very tricky thing. Many people think "the time will come and then I will definitely get to work", "the time will come and I will start playing sports", "the time will come and I will start learning English" and so on in everything. No ... my friend, you are damn wrong, time just leaves.

I can say exactly how a person whose life was divided into "before" and "after" with the advent of the war, the most important thing in our life is not what you are wearing and what you eat for breakfast, not how much money you have in your pocket, and what kind of car you drive, as it turned out ...the value of life is in LIFE ITSELF.

Yes, friend, can you imagine?

Everything is so simple! After all, when it touched everyone,

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no one cares what kind of car you are on, how much money you have, how many floors has your house, and where you have been, for all the time of your worthless life, when rockets fly over your head, and you have no idea it will arrive to your three-story mansion or to an ordinary residential building where mothers and children hide. We are all equal. We are all united by one thing ... the desire to live.

Therefore, I advise you, my friend, shove your worthless worries about a new job, relationships or friends away. Appreciate life every day. Just live. Enjoy. Feel. Be happy here and now. Damn it, just be thankful you're alive! It's priceless.

Hug your loved ones, call your mother, as she probably already forgot how you look and how your voice sounds. You have no time ... i know ... cause you are all the time at work ... but ...

Take care of yourself, relax, change your life. You and only you are the creator of your story. Don't let your story end badly.

May your story have a happy ending.

Wake up friend, it's time for a change.

Marina

**Whatever you lose in life  
.... as long as you still have  
yourself .... you are still in  
a great position**

I met Natasha and took her to my house.

She needed one day to stay somewhere and the next day she was leaving to Israel.

She was 10 years older than me ... but we connected right away.

Coming from Mariupol ... she lost her house and had to run away ... not having where to stay anymore.

But i found it weird that she was not sad.

And i can't even say the word depressive ... cause she had a very smile face.

It all looked weird ... not being in our standard behavior .... acting like that in such a situation.

But Natasha was different ... so i said to her ... "You are in a kind of a strange forced vacation anyway ... so let me present you the city center before we go to the place prepared for the refugees that are staying at us."

She agreed.

I showed her the city ... and then went to my place.

The other ladies from there started to ask her one million questions.

## **THE REFUGEES ... A STORY ABOUT CHANGE**

*motivational essays*

I realized that there are 2 types of refugees ... the ones that saw the war itself and the ones that heard it's a war and quickly left the country... not feeling so deep what it was all about.

But Natasha knew very well ... the meaning and the effects of the war.

It was so unusual to see her ... smiling.

We were like 10 people in the room ... and suddenly Natasha started her speech again ... "Listen to me! I lost my house. I lost everything i had in Ukraine. In fact all what's left for me in this material world is ... this suitcase with few clothes.

I am going to Israel .... for staying in there ... i don't know how long.

But even if it looks like i lost everything .... I see things different today.

I still have myself.

In fact ... i actually re discovered myself.

And i also have my family.

I love the connection we have together.

So even if i am more than 50 years old ... having my family and my inner soul by my side ... i have all i need for a new beginning.

Who the hell knows what is going to happen ... but i am extremely optimistic today.

And ... i really mean it."

I could not believe it.

Such a beautiful attitude.

And i am laughing ... looking at the rest of us ... being so naive ... or maybe i should say ... idiots ... collecting things on and on and on ... but forgetting about the most important

## **THE REFUGEES ... A STORY ABOUT CHANGE**

*motivational essays*

thing ... the connection with the true self ... the one that gives us confidence all the time ... no matter how tough life could be.

Am really happy i met Natasha.

Maybe i'll never see her again ... and lost the chance of continuing my motivational lessons with her.

... she really is for me ... one of the greatest motivational speakers from the world.

Maybe she was not like that before ....but most probably ... losing everything you have ... that's the day when you understand that in fact you always had everything you need to have .... and that is ... your inner soul.

## **Feeling lost ... walking for miles on the beach ... she got lost ... but still she was feeling the hope in her soul**

She wrote me today again.  
Was on the beach ... walking for miles.  
The resort was great ... and maybe a wonderful place to stay in exile ... so far away by her home.  
My dear friend was feeling lost ... and it was funny cause she wrote that today she got lost few times ... while exploring the area.  
So ... feeling lost ... she got lost.  
I smile ... cause this is what i did so, so many times before.  
Had experienced this journey ... which maybe looked like a pathless path ... but i don't even want to use that term anymore.  
I promised that to myself, long time ago.  
And ... i just read what she writes and i smile ... connecting to her beautiful soul.  
She also sends me pictures and movies.  
It's weird cause i can feel her vibration.  
A lost soul ... same as i am by such a long time ... but she got lost in a paradise ... looking at the images.  
Maybe the Universe loves her more ... than loves me.  
In exile, living as a refugee ... but still it was the perfect time

## **THE REFUGEES ... A STORY ABOUT CHANGE**

*motivational essays*

for discovering herself.

No matter how bad it all looked like ... watching the news ... being sad and feeling hopeless ... discovering herself ... little by little .... the hope appeared again in her soul.

Connected to that wildness which she found while getting lost ... her emotional balance stopped ... and somehow sent me that thought and emotion ... and i loved it.

So ... all those pathless paths, all those emotions of feeling lost ... made sense.

And it was so easy to see everything ... so clear ... by understanding her.

The exile .... was metamorphosed into a journey to the inner self.

So ... maybe i still have a chance.

Feeling lost, being lost ... is ok.

Is part ... of that therapy ... the self therapy that will also help me ... get the change ... the one that i dream by such a long time.

I simple dreamed of becoming ... the other me ... the one hidden inside of that weird inner soul.

... same as happened to her ... my dear lovely friend.

**“Look at me! Look into my eyes! It’s so weird ... realizing we remained so well connected”**

She wrote me again today.

I love each time when i receive an email from her ... but i wonder if i would still recognize her if we would meet on the streets.

I only saw her twice ... maybe for just 30 minutes each time. Today ... she replied reading my posts from Instagram.

“You have a very good feel for people. I don’t know about others, but you managed to understand me in some moments that I personally didn’t tell you about. You surprised me.”

I smile ... finding out i could connect to her soul.

I was uncertain.

I did not know what to say ... even if i trust in my intuition most of the times.

But the weird thing is that we remained connected.

She was in a hurry ... coming from a place i did not heard about ... from Ukraine ... and she was leaving to a place she had no idea about.

She came ... and left.

Will i ever see her again?!

Who the hell knows ... i am always asking too many questions and i’ve lots of silly answer for all of them ... but ... they are



all illusory.

You see ... i am wondering on and on and on ... and this is not the first time it happens to me ... why we meet, why we connect so easily ... in such a short time ... and why we remained connected.

I remember that 17 years after finishing high school ... i met Sarah again.

17 years we never met ... but seeing her again ... we felt connected from the first second.

We were so connected at that time ... when we were teenagers ... and still as adults ... we reconnected so damn easily.

And with ... Masha was the same story.

But it was all weird cause we socialized ... not even one hour ... all together.

Maybe ... i knew her from another life time.

The nonsense ... made sense now ... for me ... but also for her.

Maybe her emotions were so intense today, being a refugee that definitely lost her life from home ... it was easy to feel her so deep.

But still ... why i remained connected to Sasha?! ... and why the same thing happened with Masha?!

Weird ... but anyway ... i don't dislike it.

In fact ... i love it!

## **Happiness and unhappiness does not care of the amount of money you have in your pocket**

Eric met Natasha in the Westbahnhof train station from Vienna.

He waited a business partner to come from Graz and go together to an important meeting.

Just before as the train to come ... a train from Budapest arrives.

The train station becomes full of ukrainian refugees.

A young lady of 21 ... suddenly asks him to help her with the luggages.

She did not know english or german so well... but watching her smile he totally forgot about his business partner ... and offers himself to take her anywhere she would want in Vienna.

Natasha was with her mother ... and his little brother.

Eric took them to a social center created for the refugees.

Just before leaving and saying good bye he took her telegram account and told he will write her.

His partner calls annoyed that cannot find him in the train station ... but he smiles.

That amazing young lady made him forget about his important businesses.

Could not believe it.

Felt hypnotized.... by her charm.

But Eric was a shy guy ... and could not dare to write her.

... until one day.

He stayed in the south of France, in a beautiful villa .... just near the sea.

Felt .... unhappy.

He photographs his cup of coffee ... with the sea in the background .... and sent it to Natasha.

"Good morning, Natasha! Wanted to write you one million times .... but i did not dare to disturb you."

"Good morning Eric!

Why?! I waited you to write me."

She was in Italy now ... in a beautiful hotel, just near the sea.

She sends him a movie from there.

"My god ... Natasha! How beautiful is in there.

You really are in a forced vacation in a paradise.

Lucky ... you"

But Natasha was not feeling happy.

In fact she was ... so unhappy.

"Eric, don't you understand? I don't care what hotel I live in, and how good it is here, and what is around me, when my loved ones are somewhere bad.

I want to go home.

To my hometown, to my friends and relatives. Everything here is different.

I want back to my life from Ukraine."

Eric smiles.

"And Eric ... by the way ... i see you living in a paradise also .... but i can't feel you being happy.

How's that?!"

"Well my dear ... i am rich guy living in a paradise ... but i am unhappy.

You are not rich yet ... and you live now in a paradise ... and still ... you are not happy either.

So ..."

"So ... it's not just where we live, or what we call paradise in a standard way ... but ... "

"Maybe if we could drink this morning coffee in the company of the right person ..."

"Maybe ... What do you suggest?!"

"Well ... we are at the same sea ....but 2-3 hours away. Maybe we should treat our unhappiness together."

"How?!"

"Well ... drinking a coffee together.

Just like that.

I could be your therapist for a great vibe ... and you could be the same thing for me."

"So ... forget about my home, forget about this place where i am now ... and maybe ... why not ... think about how to re become happy again."

"Yes.

Why not.

As you see ... no matter in which position we are in life ... old or young, poor or rich ... and even if we live in a paradise or in the hell generated by the war ... happiness and unhappiness does not care so ... much."

"Eric ... maybe being happy is just ... a choice".

"Well ... i feel ... we should try ... at least as an experiment .... to drink a coffee together."

And they continued the conversation... for hours.

## **THE REFUGEES ... A STORY ABOUT CHANGE**

*motivational essays*

It was crystal clear ... that being happy or unhappy is a state of being ... dominated by the nonsense.

But why?!

... and they both wondered themselves ... on and on and on.

## **It was funny cause ... she still loved the russian music ... even if the russians hurt her so much**

Katherina was from Harkov.

I met her ... while walking on the beach.

Had a t-shirt with the ukrainian flag ... and seeing that i  
started to talk with her ...

And i loved i did it.

We chat about all kinds of things ... but she had sort of  
emotional balance.

Now she was happy ... smiling ... enjoying the sea ... and then  
suddenly she became ... so silent.

Certainly i was speaking more than her .... but she did not  
mind.

We spoke about philosophy ... and mainly about the  
philosophy behind this stupid war from her country.

And Katherina started to explain me that ukrainians and  
russians were actually ... brothers ... but somehow everything  
was fucked up one day.

She was really mad because of the things those so called  
brothers were doing in Ukraine ... but ... now there was not so  
much for her to do ... than to walk on the beach ... and  
maybe cry.

And ... yes ... in one point ... i saw tears in her eyes.

I almost did not know what to say ... then i smile ... i hug her

and tell her... "Listen Katherina ... now Russia is against you ... but the whole world is standing Ukraine.

You are not alone.

So ... please don't cry.

I know you are a beautiful soul ... so please tell me one thing ... what do you still love about Russia?!

I know is a weird question ... but i also realize that we can't simple disconnect ... for someone named ... brother."

"Well ... my dear friend .... you can really connect to my soul .. and read all about me.

You know ... i still love the russian music.

I always loved it ... and i can't stop loving it.

I am listening to my favorite russians songs everyday, while walking on the beach.

But i hate the russians.

They want as Ukraine to become a ruin.

What they do now ... is something that the Universe should not allow to happen."

"So .... maybe you should send me few of those songs that you love."

"I will. There are songs about love.

Love is connecting us ... and not even a war can disconnect our souls from the vibe of those songs.

Yes ... i hate them from all my heart ... but can't stop loving their music."

I was smiling.

Love and ... war.

2 contradictory concepts ... that define the human species so ... much.

And meeting Katherina ... walking with her on the beach ... i

## **THE REFUGEES ... A STORY ABOUT CHANGE**

*motivational essays*

had the chance to see her beautiful soul ... divided by the war  
... between love and hate.



## **The vibe ... can totally change a person**

Each time when a refugee was hosted to my place, i had to declare them to the authorities.

I took a photo of their id or passport and sent them to the chief of police from our commune.

But i could not stop myself to analyze the the photos from the documents ... and compare to the way they were actually looking.

When Yuliya came she looked ... totally different that the photo from her passport.

It might look like i am over reacting, but she was so stressed by the war from her country ... than even if she was 30 ... was looking like almost 45.

I was looking at her ... and i could not believe the huge difference between the photo and her real look.

Then ... obsessed as always of analyzing ... i wondered myself ... why this difference exists?!

What really happened with her that this huge difference appeared?!

Well ... i certainly did not understood what a war means .. but ...

Being extremely busy with other things, i could not meet her again for few days.

Then i've been to visit them ... and when i saw her .... I was

totally surprised ... again.

And i asked myself ... who the hell is this beautiful lady?!

Yuliya was looking so ... changed.

She started to be the same person ... like the one from her documents.

Feeling relaxed, safe ... she actually started to re become herself.

Yes .... truth be told ... stress redefines people so much.

But also relaxation.

And in such a short time ... everything suddenly changes.

I was glad seeing her ... having a great vibe.

I was studying so much the impact of the vibe on a person ... and Yuliya was the perfect example for me for understanding such a scenario.

I realized is useless to study what a war ... means.

My new friend sent me all those messages ... about the war ... and the way a human being becomes totally redefined by that impact.

A fucked vibe ... can make a soul ... become a ruin ... but once that person gets back the beautiful vibe ... everything comes back to normal.

And maybe it's time to understand that it's extremely important to keep a great vibe all the time ... no matter what is going on ... on the stage of our lives.

**Life is beautiful and no  
matter of the circumstances  
... we should enjoy it ... every  
time we can do it**

Today we just opened kind of a small hotel for ukrainian refugees.

I always wanted to have a hotel and even if i wanted as that place to be a senior house ... in the end ... we just said ... why not?! ....lets do it for those people coming to us, mainly from Odessa.

It was my second big real estate project.

Not so big ... but big for my powers and experience.

But this time, i decided to make a trick so that i can open much sooner that everyone was expecting.

Even if the building had 34 rooms ... we somehow finished 9 ... but in fact only one was ready and the common spaces.

To make you laugh ... we don't even had a fridge, but i bought one from the internet today.

In the night ... we also realized we also do not have any washing machine either ... so i call someone to donate us one.

The lady gave me the key and an address from the apartment ... where we can get it from.

I ask Bohdan, from Harkov to come with me and help .... and he said yes.

On the way, in the traffic jam we were laughing realizing that we open a hotel without any authorizations and without a fridge or a washing machine.

Almost a total nonsense ... but that lady friend of mine gave us the key of the apartment of a guy who recently died and we could take from there anything we would like.

We found the building.

Floor 4, apartment 13 ...but the problem was that the number was not written on the doors.

All the doors had a number, except that apartment .. so we guessed ... and we entered.

The lady calls me with video to confirm that we are in the right place, but she was not remembering very well, cause she was only 2-3 times there.

Me and Bohdan ... started to laugh.

"So you gave us the key of an apartment ... to take a washing machine ... but you can't confirm we are in the right apartment.

Can't believe it. Hahahaha"

I look at my ukrainian friend and say ... "Listen ... if we don't know for sure that we are or not in the right apartment and we might be accused of stealing from here ... at least let's steal something more."

We both started to laugh ... again.

We were in the house of a guy that just died.

Everything there was in the style of the years 1950-1960.

I even ask Bohdan if the a communist apartment from Ukraine is looking the same ... and he confirms ... smiling to me.

## **THE REFUGEES ... A STORY ABOUT CHANGE**

*motivational essays*

The old guy had lots of books ... so i look for few minutes and i see "Memories" of Napoleon and i take them.

I put the books inside of the washing machine, we turn of the light ... and we left ... laughing.

"It's really funny Bohdan ... don't you think so?!"

Bohdan was still laughing ... "Yes! Who the hell would imagine few months ago, that i would do this in Bucharest.

Now i am refugee, but i am glad ... i can adapt myself in any situation.

How funny life is.

I was the director of an important company, but i lost everything.

My properties, my job .... my everything.

But i like seeing that i can readapt myself in any situation and that i can do this with you.

Russia probably took everything we had at our home from Harkov.

So we lost ... everything.

But you see .... this old gentleman where from we took the washing machine ... died at the age of 92.

And he lost everything ... by dying.

It is also funny ... that you took from the library Napoleon's memories.

The guy was believing that he was the emperor of the world ... and he died alone on an island.

He lost everything he had ...

So ... i believe that my life lesson is somehow similar ....and i need is .... to understand the message.

The old gentleman lost everything when he died.

Napoleon lost everything ... twice in his life.

## **THE REFUGEES ... A STORY ABOUT CHANGE**

*motivational essays*

I lost everything ... at 35.

But i need to see the message and start a new life when i will be in Canada.

Today i loved to carry with you the washing machine for hotel of the ukrainian refugees, but maybe .... this is what i'll have to do in Canada.

I know that ... life is beautiful and no matter of the circumstances ... we should enjoy it ... every time we can do it.

I had fun today with this episode ... so i should focus more ... and see the beauty in everything happens into my life.

One year ago if someone would tell me that i would be a refugee and i would be with you in Bucharest, doing that ... i would laugh.

Now i see .. life it's weird.

I should open my eyes .... but also allow myself to enjoy every second ... in absolutely any circumstances."

And i agreed with my friend.

I also realize that one year ago if someone would tell me that i should do this ... i would laugh also.

How could i focus on something else?!

How could i see behind of my interests?!

But maybe the time is changing us ... in lots of different ways.

**And what if one day ... after stop loving someone that you liked so, so much ... you decide to replace that big whole from your soul with loving all the people from the timeline of your life?!**

Today i believe that to understand the life itself we need to experience ... love ... in whatever form it might appear to us. It sounds weird, or even as a total nonsense ... but in the end ... following the paths of life .... I always realized that everything comes by itself.

Not so long time ago, before becoming 40 .... I heard lots of strange ideas about the change is happening in man's perspective about life ... the next second he comes to this age.

In fact ... the truth is that only 2 versions worth to be mentioned ... and i saw that at all my friends that had this age.

One theory was that we start to have all types of medical problems ... and the other one was that the man starts to be obsessed by love ... love stories .... and all the women from the timeline of his life.

I never had medical problems in my life ... so i totally ignored the first theory ....and on another hand, working in sales for

more than 20 years ... i met thousands of ladies ... but never had the intention to cheat my wife.

So ... i totally ignored both theories, but just few days before becoming 40 ... a very beautiful lady ... appeared in my life. She was the most unexpected person i could dream that i would start a love story with ... but ... it happened.

The theory was right ... or at least one of it.

I fell in love ... with that amazing soul ... and i started to write all my feelings and everything related to us.

I wrote so much ... that one day i realized that i published 10 books carrying the word ... love ... inside of the title.

But ... same as any other story from the history of the human being ... my love story had a beginning, the story itself ... and the end.

Today ... looking back in time, i see just the 10 books i wrote ... but i would not like to read them again.

Never ...

In my last book about love stories ... "Loving, but not understanding where the love goes" ... the last 2 essays i wrote tell everything it was in my heart and soul ... "I miss you a lot, but i don't want you back in my life! Never again!" ... and "Awakening can be obtained at the end of the love story!".

I left the love story dissatisfied of all happened ... but still ... i was chasing for love.

Getting back into her arms ... was useless.

I knew it ... and even if i lied myself for such a long time ... she was the same as my wife ... a shrew ... or at least this is how i saw both of them.

I decided to let my life continue ... near my family, totally



forgetting the love story .... but still not ignoring my huge desire for ... love.

The smaller kid ....told me one day while arguing with my wife ... " You are not allowed to leave us. You are our parents and you don't have the right to do that."

Ignoring those words ... was equal with betrayal.

.... A huge one.

So i remained near my wife and kids ... doing my duty, understanding the dharmic side of life ... but still something was whispering me all the time ..."love, love, love, love ... love ...."

I thought i need to find another lady ... but my wife was paying attention now to any small detail ... so i could not repeat the love story i had with that crazy lady.

I was meditating a lot.

On the scene of my life, i met lots of other people in the same situation as myself ... that ended the love story and .... somehow started to be in a relationship with themselves.

They discovered a new path .... the one of self love.

But i did not know anything about the subject ... and not even wanted to bother becoming more profound and connected to myself.

I actually did not wanted to start a new relationship either .... with someone else ... either with myself.

I knew i needed something else into my life... but did not understood the new path i need to follow.

And i continued ... searching.

On and on .... and on.

One day ... a year ago ... while having a fire at one of my properties ... a heart appeared on the roof of the building.

## **THE REFUGEES ... A STORY ABOUT CHANGE**

*motivational essays*

Everyone saw the heart ... except myself.

Later on ... i saw it in the pictures taken by the people that were there at the time.

Again .... I thought that i should find a new mistress and have a parallel life again ... without my wife to find out.

But ... i was wrong.

So ... damn wrong.

Time passed and ... and the russian-ukrainian war began ... and i started to host lots of refugees.

There were people that needed unconditional love and support ... and i somehow connected to the all of them ... realizing that i can be in a weird love story with all those women coming from Ukraine.

They were ladies of different age and personality ... but i loved having them into my life.

I somehow started to understand that even if i thought that being in love can have only 2 options ... loving a soulmate .... or yourself ... i finally saw a totally new path .... and that was being in a lovely relationship ... practicing another type of love .... with anyone was appearing in my reality.

That of course ... could not offend in any way my wife .... and also could not affect the marriage i had ... but ...

Yes .... It was ... an amazing trick ... and i just loved it.

I finally understood what Dalai Lama or Pope Francis were saying ... about ... unconditional love for all the people from this world.

Reading their books ... i even had moments when i thought the 2 of them were idiots .... but i was the idiot one.

My marriage ... was indeed karmic ... having nothing to do with love ... but my youngest son learnt me the meaning of ...

dharma.

My mistress ... which even if i loved so, so much ... but don't even want to hear her name again ... taught me ... what love ... means.

She was somehow a combination between karma and love ... and saw her at the end of our love story more as a teacher .... than a soulmate.

Most probably i have totally different values as those 2 shrews ... my wife and my mistress ... but i am happy i met the ucrainian ladies.

The abstract love story i started with them .... all of them ... no matter of age, personality, perspectives of life ... was a much better path for continuing my life journey.

I finally understood that if i would know to connect to the people that appear on the timeline of my life ... and love them unconditionally.... somehow that love that i was chasing so, so much ... since i was a kid ... will come back to me in infinite quantities.

I was looking for love ... and i had to see the meaning of love story ... from a totally different perspective.

But ... now everything was clear to me.

I knew what i had to do ... and which path to follow.

My expectation was as my wife to love me .... but she was a karmic character that i could not replace ... or my mistresses to love me unconditionally.... but she was the teacher that made me realize what the concept of love ... means.

My life journey ... had to continue ... and the ucrainian ladies showed me such a beautiful perspective ... i never thought about.

I was glad ... of this awakening moment.

## **THE REFUGEES ... A STORY ABOUT CHANGE**

*motivational essays*

So ... loving you?! ... loving me?! ... or ... simple loving any soul that appears in our lives?!

Well ... maybe from my position where i am now ... being in a love story with everyone ... is probably the best scenario i could live.

Am glad i see things today ... as that.

Might be your perception ... or not.

Might sound as a total nonsense all what i am writing .... but maybe it will be much interesting to hear weird ideas ... than the boring ones.

So ... let the journey begin ... and we will see if i succeed to really connect to my real self ... so ... that i can find the inspiration to express myself clear enough ... that in the end you will try at least one time ... this kind of abstract love story ... being in love with all the people from your life.

**There are moments in life  
when karma comes and says  
... “Stop! It’s time to restart your life”.  
... but we will totally dislike  
it and disagree ...**

I stoped writing for a very long time ... at the book about the refugees that i met in my country.  
This is what i felt ... to simple stop and analyze more.  
Actually analyze more ... before i define anything.  
It was like i find out that a piece from the puzzle was missing and did not know if i will even find that ....real message the Universe was trying to whisper me.  
At the moment i am writing, i was probably already spent lots of time with more than 150 persons defined as ... refugees.  
So i was wondering ... why the hell there is still something that i don’t understand?!  
What is the spiritual connection between me and those people?!  
Why did i met them?!  
What is the meaning of their presence in my life?!  
What is the meaning of my presence in their lives?!  
I had so many questions ... but not so many answers, but it was the first time i decided to stop defining something ...

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after a short analyze.

You see ... me ... like many, many others are defining so easily when we speak about anything around us.

My theory about change ... analyze, define and then ... simple redefine ... had actually to be redefined a little bit.

Having the right balance ... in the 3 steps we must do it's so damn ... important.

Redefining ... which actually mean stating the process of change ... can't happen if we don't analyze so well our lives.

And i look at many of the refugees and ... indeed ... maybe they did not understood yet that the whole story it's about ... change.

When my life started to be fucked up ... i also did not understood that it's all a story about change.

No matter how reality was looking like ... they had to start the process of analyzing ... but many simple refused it.

Hahaha ....

I just realized i was doing ... the same.

When the Universe told me that i had to change my life .... I simple refused to analyze what it's that chapter of my life about.

I was making the huge mistake of defining without the proper .... analyze.

And of course ... i was missing the point.

I thought my life started to be horrible, that i lost everything and others bla, bla, blas .... but i did not saw the message behind the message.

I was so damn ... silly disagreeing the Universe.

And my new friends ... the refugees ... were doing the same.

## **We should always look deeper and deeper and ... deeper**

Today i see the stories with the ukrainian refugees ... being split on more levels.

And for some of the people, like the one from Mariupol ... it's all about a huge changes that need to be done ... without even discussing so much about it.

With Staroslav and his family... even if i did not had the chance to talk so much ... seeing them now in Canada ... i somehow understand how weird life can be.

In Mariupol he used to be a policeman, then an expert in analyzing details about stolen cars .... but today he is a bellman on the other side of the world.

At home ... he had everything.

In the new country ... everything had to be re started from the beginning.

We might say ... a total nonsense ...

So ... why the hell those things are allowed by the Universe to happen?!

Why if we go at a level when we believe that our lives are arranged ... one day ... a story like this one with the war ... is happening ... and it's fucking the beautiful lives from home?! Looks like .... unfair.

So ... unfair.

Imagine to be 35 ... have a very good career and then ...

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boom ... the whole story ends over night .... and you need to become a bellman.

Not that being a bellman is something horrible ... but ... still ...

What is the message sent by the Universe?!

Why we need to restart our lives?!

What do we see looking deeper and deeper?!

Well ... certainly it's all a story about change.

But we just don't love the change ....

We simple don't like this process.

Sometimes we like the end of the story ... but ... yes ... we hate the whole process of what it means change.

I don't really know what Stanislav's life will look like in the future ... but maybe the Universe knows better ... and we should not judge so much the current reality ... not really understanding so deeply what is going on.



## **Even unhappiness makes ... total sense ... but i was so ... blind**

One night waiting at the train station for someone that was coming to me ... i met John that was there to also help the ukrainian refugees.

We were both asleep, but had to wait for the train that was delaying ... a lot.

And not having what to do ... we started to chat about lots of things ... including our marriages.

John was really unhappy at home ... and i was smiling while he was telling me his story ... so seriously.

In fact i wanted even to laugh ... because the guy was telling me ... my own story.

It was midnight and 2 guys that already achieved what they defined for such a long time as success ... were expecting ukrainian refugees ... instead of staying at home near their wives and children.

I was seeing John ... regretting the fact that he was actually having everything he ever wanted, but in fact he had absolutely nothing ... cause he was not happy near his family. Smiling ... being in fact in the same position as him ... i ask ... "John ... i have kind of a spiritual question for you. Imagine we would be happy at home ... so ... would we still be here in the middle of the night to help ukrainian refugees?!

Of course ... maybe one time ... or maybe 2 times ... yes.

But even if we spoke today for the first time ... i saw you at the train station lots of times ... by weeks."

John looked at me surprised by what i was saying and replies: "So ... we could say that even unhappiness makes total sense into this Universe ... cause probably we would not be here chasing for this joy of helping the others."

The train ... arrived.

We said good bye to each other ... and i realized that indeed unhappiness from home ... had a purpose ... not for us ... but maybe as us to be able to help other people that we don't even knew.

It was kind of a dharmic or karmic mission we had to complete ... but we were too blind to see before this weird perspective and accepting unhappiness ... as part of a greater plan.

John was kind of a mirror of my soul.

Don't know if he really understood what i just told him ... this strange theory about the positive side of unhappiness ... but meeting him was for me the perfect time to realize that i always need to look deeper and deeper and deeper.

Indeed ... for some of us ... the paths to follow in life were ... so damn weird.

But i started to accept everything ... just as it was ... and even liked it.

**Defining our fantasies ... we actually  
connect to a totally different Universe ...  
that has totally different standards about ...  
perfection.**

Yuka is a friend of 13, from Odessa.

She is half ukrainian and half japanesse and same as me she is a ... writer.

The only difference between us is that she is using a real pen and a notebook ... like in the old times.

I smile to her ... while telling about my books and the fact that i was writing only from my phone.

I try to convince her to publish all what she wrote ... but she is not agreeing with me.

Writing about fantasies from her mind, but also her heart ... she started to define in fact a world that had nothing to do with the Universe we live in.

I was analyzing her ... but little by little i realized i need to analyze more my own stories.

What did i wrote about?

What was the meaning of my writing?

Why did i wrote all the time?!

It was much easier to ask myself why a girl of 13 was writing ... but i was avoiding the questions about my own writings.

I could not read any of her stories, cause it was all written in russian .... but connecting to Yuka ... i realized i am

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understanding her essays.

At 13 ... you probably see the world in totally different perspectives.

Maybe you feel ... you can change this world ... by coming with a totally new prototype of Universe ... described with so, so many details.

And i realize i still have that innocent mind of a kid ... cause always after analyzing and defining the world around myself ... i felt i could somehow redefine everything.

Yuka ... reminded me of my inner child ... and the fact that my mind was full with fantasies, but i liked that i was writing about them.

She was afraid of publishing her stories, but i came to a level where i was not afraid about that anymore.

I loved defining everything ... but i was also dreaming about ... another Universe that has totally different standards about ... perfection.

## **Looking ... beyond the symbolism**

No matter where i was ... i was daily meeting new and new people.

Probably one of the karmic factors of my life was to understand the whole human spectrum ... and everything that is defining us.

But somehow ... i forgot that all the time.

And guess what?!

Few days ago ... Anna appeared in my refugee camp .. and I just loved to socialize with her.

Beautiful, smart, great vibe ... but totally different from the profiles i usually interact with.

She was the kind of lady ... that i could define simple ... amazing.

Years ago i've read lots of books with refugee camps, or concentrations camps ...nazi, sovietic ... or japanesse .... but my place was totally different.

Had ... contradictory parameters.

Writing this book ... "The refugees ... a story about change" ... the meeting with Anna had become an episode about .... maybe ... how we should really be ...

I liked her ... as a woman.

... beautiful body, amazing smile, always carrying a great energy ... Anna was an amazing model ... about how we

should be.  
... how we should always ... be.  
Today .... I met her again.  
Dressed in a beautiful dress, having some interesting jewelry on her neck ... i suddenly observe ... her tattoos.  
I was actually admiring her ... but also .... analyzing all this symbolic ... behind her charm.  
I look at her again ... ask for the acceptance to take a photo ... and even ask ... what is the meaning of everything?!  
.... Of her jewelries?!  
Of her tattoos?!  
Anna smiles ... but replies ... "Nothing! Just carry them ... and i never thought of the symbolism behind ... everything."  
As usual ... i was overreacting with my analyzes ... forgetting the fact that i should only see the whole picture ... and that was the fact that ... Anna was a beautiful lady with one million dollar ... vibe.  
Meeting her ... the message was so damn simple .... damn it.  
But as usual ... i was missing ... the essential!  
... and i could not see her a the perfect model ... for my vibe.

## **Some conflicts takes so much time that in one point we start to be considered as ... normality**

The war from Ukraine has already few months.  
The refugees are just waiting.  
In July ... they said that in September they will leave home ...  
but September comes in few days.  
But it's nothing to do.  
Yesterday ... on the ukrainian independence day saw them ...  
happy.  
They celebrated ... but still ....  
I look at all of them and i understand that ... waiting ...  
became like a ... job.  
It's so annoying ... but what they could do?!

The war became part of .... normality.  
Paul has moments when he defined me as conflictual .... and  
maybe he is right ... cause i've been involved few times in  
some useless wars that took months and ... one .... even  
years.  
Going back in time ... i laugh of my actions from that time.  
But .... maybe i was just trying to protect myself.  
Today the refugees are ... yes ... simple waiting.  
There is no real plan to do something specific.  
Some decided to emigrate ... having in mind this mirage of  
the western world ... but now people are simple waiting to

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get back their old normality from home.

They all miss their homes ... but now my country is their home.

And ... the philosophical question i have in my mind is ... should we accept those huge conflicts that vandalized our lives ... as part of normality?!

Well ... i look at the war and the only difference between this war and the conflicts between simple individuals is just that ... we look at a smaller or bigger scale.

It is the about the same .... concept.

Little by little i redefine my thoughts about conflicts and wars .... starting to believe that it's all about ... fucking our lives.

And sometimes ... running away ... waiting ... becomes the only real option.

There are indeed thousands of other philosophical questions about the war ....

Why it started?!

Why we act as people from hundreds of years ago ... if we pretend we are today the best version the human kind had?!

Why we allow it to continue for such a long, long time?!

Well ....most probably there is no real difference between the simple people and the ones that are running the world.

So ... we end up ... accepting everything as ... normality.



## **The gap between what we want and what we have it's so ... annoying ... but maybe also illusory**

I saw her somehow ... in love with him.

You see ... i had the chance to see both of them everyday ... day by day.

I was always analyzing what is going on the scene of life ... and i was doing with them ... the same.

And i say ....that i saw her somehow in love, cause he was probably ... that ideal partner she had in mind by such a long time.

They spent almost the whole day, working in the same hotel. He was the manager and she took care of the coffee shop from the corner of the building.

Drinking my coffee into that place .... while writing ... i kept looking everyday about how they interact together.

I knew that she was almost divorced and he was maybe in the same situation, but did not wanted to divorce ... so maybe it was a total nonsense that he did not wanted to have a relationship with her.

But Denis was acting so damn professional... pretending he was not seeing that Julia liked him.

She was a refugee from Kiev ...and restarted her life in Bucharest ... feeling that this city was much better than home.

Away from that husband that was drinking so, so much ... she

started to want Denis more and more.

I could even say that i saw the obsession in her eyes ... so, so clear.

It was funny realizing that the Universe was delivering me kind of a ... movie .... that could inspire me to write everyday. But you see ... time was passing and i saw Julia more and more frustrated.

Her ideal partner ... was so ... so ... blind.

And it was not that he was not liking her ... but ... i somehow believe that he found it too complicated to be with her.

But ... that's the romantic side of the story .... dominated so much .... maybe by the nonsense.

The funny thing was that Julia lived close to my house ... and sometimes i could see her in the night with another ladies from Ukraine in the company of some foreigners from Nepal. It looked like ... every night they were together ... and one old guy kept repeating me every few days that Julia and her friends were having sex with those guys from Nepal.

So ... it all became a ... nonsense.

Julia liked Denis ... and even more than liked him ... but was having sex with the guys from Nepal.

That crazy old man that was repeating me the story about sex, every few days ... made me realize how illusory was my perspectives from the coffee show ....analyzing and defining Denis and Julia.

Maybe it was all ... true.

I was not judging Julia ... but if the old man was right ... i was wondering ... why the hell we send so contradictory ideas to the Universe?!

Feeling in love with someone ... wanting him as an obsession,

but ... also ... playing around with the guys from Nepal every night.

I started to not ... understand her.

Or maybe ... i did not wanted to understand ... this nonsense that she was doing.

I wrote so much about love into the past ... and now i write a lot about illusions and the nonsense .... and this is how Julia was doing.

So ... the truth was that i was judging her.

Denis liked her too ... but he was pretending he was blind .... understanding and feeling the nonsense of the love story.

So contradictory informations sent to the Universe .... and i did not knew what to believe anymore about this story.

Or maybe this gap between reality and what we want it's so damn annoying ... that we do need to act in ....contradictory ways ... on the scene of life.

I smile realizing that i wanted to write about the love story between 2 souls ... and i ended again writing about nonsense and ... illusions.

## **Important stories ... in life**

The story with the refugees is probably one chapter of my life.

... an important one.

I was focused a lot of my own interests, on chasing money ... and getting rich ... not realizing the illusion of that.

On this long path ... i actually met people having money ... which whispered me the fact that money will not make me happy ... but i ignored them.

I wanted to get richer and richer.

It was all about material possession into my mind.

Well ... until i realized that most probably ... all those things i was chasing ... will not bring me happiness ... cause no matter what i was doing ... i was never really happy.

I started to see the fact that i was living an illusion ... a karmic one.

I simple began to smile ... but not understanding what the hell i could do ... to get out of that story.

The funny thing is that when i started to help those people coming from Ukraine ... i started to forget about my own interests.

I ignored my to do lists, my plans ... my everything.

I was involved so much in that story ... that little by little i forget about ... myself, starting the process of getting out of my illusory self.

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But guess what?!

The Universe was laughing behind my back.

Because of some international programs ... i started to be so well paid for the accommodation for refugees ... that i could not believe it.

I started to ask myself .... Is this a joke?!

Well ... don't know what kind of joke it was but ... no one ever paid me so well monthly .. for any kind of service i had provided.

I smiled again ... understanding the karmic story i was living. So i tried to help ... and even if i was not asking for money i was paid so ... damn good.

It was all so ... illusory.

So ... what could i do?!

Well ... it was so simple ...

Maybe i just had to continue ... forgetting about the self ... and become kind of a Santa Claus that is coming into the summer time ...

Yes ... all i want to say is that ... the meaning of life is sometimes to live and experience some karmic stories.

And understand ... the illusion.

I know that the term sounds .. so ... depressive ... but ... just think about it.

Analyzing and finding the karmic factors of life .... might be the key for spiritual evolution.

## PART 2

### **Time is revealing our ... both sides**

I stopped by a long time writing at the book.  
I believe it's already 3-4 months ... and i usually write my books in 2-3 ... maximum 4 weeks.  
In the begging i saw the beautiful side of the story .... the beautiful side of all those people ... called refugees.  
I also started to see ... my beautiful side.  
It was a side that i did not knew about ... but ... time was passing and things got back to normal.  
If i would continue the book .... hmm ... you would not like it, but i am glad that i choose a good name ... "The refugees ... a story about change".  
Cause all ... was indeed a story about change.  
For me ... and for all of them.  
I had moments when i believed it's about the war ... but no ... it was just about ... change.  
The Universe was whispering all the time ... on and on and on ... what needs to be done ... but we were pretending we don't see this ... so clear message.  
Maybe one day, i'll continue the book and write the whole story about me and the refugees that i host now or hosted before.  
For the moment ... i let just the beautiful side to be revealed

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... so ... i simple stop writing at the book.

It's the decision of ... seeing only the beautiful side of this story.

I met hundreds of people.

Hosted them ... and interacted a lot with them.

Changed so, so many ideas ... philosophical and spiritual ... but unfortunately... we were not really changed in any way by this ukrainian-russian war.

We were pretending for a while that we changed ... but later on ... we came again to our old patterns.

Totally ridiculous...

In the end this whole story was an experience for me, but also for these people involved in this.

I liked the fact that the Universe gave me this opportunity.... but the truth is that i could not do any deep change.

And neither my new friends ... the refugees that were coming to Bucharest mainly from Odessa.

Maybe years later ... i'll take the decision of continue writing the whole story .... and part two will be about this dark side which i started to see ... now.

But the real truth is anyway that any story has a beautiful, but also a dark side.

So ...